

THE
ADVENTURES
OR
A MARMOTTE.

SOLD FOR
THE DISTRESSED IRISH.

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PREFACE.

IN presenting this little Work to the Public, I can solicit for it no better protection than the generosity of an English heart ; and I must beg my little readers will make allowances for the faults it may contain, in consideration of the cause in which it was written.

ELIZA GREY.

June, 1831.



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
A MARMOTTE.

MY dear little friends, you have, I dare say, never before heard of a Marmotte writing its history ; I know it is great boldness on my part, but I undertake it in the hope of amusing you, and perhaps procuring a few shillings for the poor starving Irish, who so much need your kind and generous compassion.

The first recollection I have of myself, was my lying curled up like a little ball, with two or three brothers and sisters, in a nook in one of the rugged Alps, near the pretty village of Courmayeur, situated in the valley of Aosta, in Switzerland. This valley extends from the pass of St. Martin, near the frontiers of Yoree, to St. Bernard ; it is very fertile, and abounds in pastures and all sorts of fruit.

One day, when about six weeks old, contrary to the express commands of my parents, I quitted the little

crevice where we lived, and wandered to a short distance, to amuse myself by jumping from rock to rock ; when, Oh ! fatal effect of disobedience ! I was perceived by a little boy, who, uttering a cry of delight, threw down the crystals he had been gathering, and seized me by the hind legs, before I could succeed in scrambling back to my hiding place. Conceive my horror—my despair, at this unexpected and frightful event. To revenge my capture, I bit the little boy's fingers most severely, but he only held me still tighter : this was the fruit of my disobedience, which I have since so often regretted. I hope my little readers never do any thing they are bid not ; for, as I have felt, naughtiness is always punished sooner or later.

But to continue my history, this little boy carried me down with him into the valley. How astonished I was when the first emotion of fear had a little subsided, to see all the strange objects which presented themselves to my view in this new world ; for so this valley then appeared to me, who had never before seen a human being, and knew only of them from the terrible accounts our father and mother sometimes

gave us, on their return from excursions in search of food. I had, therefore, rather an unpleasant opinion of my new acquaintance; but this soon wore off, for he treated me very kindly, and I discovered that the horrible stories I had heard of men's eating us alive, were untrue, or at least greatly exaggerated; for I fear they do sometimes kill us for food, but only in times of great distress, when they can procure nothing else.

On arriving at the cottage of little José, (for that was his name) he shewed me to his mother, with whom he lived, praising my beauty, and exulting in the fortunate acquisition he had made.

My little friends, as you may not perhaps all have seen a Marmotte, I will describe myself in a few words, begging you at the same time to look at my picture on the first page, for it was taken by a very celebrated artist, and was said at the time to be a striking likeness.

My head something resembles that of a hare, only the top of it is larger and flatter, and my ears much smaller; so small, that they are scarcely perceptible, though the hair on that part of my head is very short.

I have a large bushy pair of whiskers. My eyes, which are bright and sparkling, are placed at the side of my head, like those of a hare. The form of my body is between that of a bear and a rat, but much smaller than the former, and a good deal larger than the latter. My coat is generally of a sandy black, or red brown colour. My voice sounds much like that of a little dog, when pleased, but our species is remarkable for the shrill and piercing whistle which we employ when irritated.

I think I have now given you a pretty accurate description of myself, and I fear many of my little readers will feel inclined to say, that little José was clever to find any beauty in me.

The old dame received me very kindly, but told her son he would not be able to keep me long, as Marmottes were most mischievous little animals. This I thought very ill-natured of her, and naughtily determined to revenge myself, by gnawing whatever came in my way ; but she afterwards treated me so kindly, that I am happy to say I soon gave up this wicked intention : had I continued in it, I am very

sure that nothing but mortifications and misfortunes would have happened to me, and I should have well deserved them.

Little José, thinking I must be hungry, gave me a great piece of bread. I had never before seen any of this sort of food, which, on tasting, I found so good that I soon finished it all, to the evident delight of my kind little Master ; who having put some nice fresh grass in one corner of the room, laid me upon it ; and being greatly overcome by the fatigues and anxieties of the day, I was soon fast asleep.

On awaking next morning, I discovered many strange and wonderful things, which the fatigue and fright of the preceding evening had hindered me from observing. Among others, a very large pot on the fire, black and ugly, which they called a Marmite, though I can assure you it was not at all like me, but they gave me the name of Pierrot, for, on hearing them talk of Marmite, I once or twice answered, thinking they meant me. I soon became very much attached to my little master, who treated me with the greatest kindness, sharing with me his bread and

milk ; in return for which, I amused him by my gambols and mischievous pranks : he soon taught me to jump over a stick, to make a bow, to dance, and several other little tricks. When he went up the mountains, on which occasions I was left at home with the old dame, his mother, I laid very quietly all day in one corner of the kitchen chimney ; but when evening approached, I climbed up a wall, which he always passed, there to await his arrival, and when I saw him, uttering a cry of delight, I used to jump on his shoulder, and, purring with pleasure, ride home in this manner. I was allowed to wander about wherever I chose, for being very contented and happy in my new abode, I had no wish to leave it, and did not, I fear, much desire to return to my parents, whose dull and monotonous way of living I could never have borne, after the gaiety and attentions I enjoyed in the valley ; for, though I say it myself, little José was the envy of all the village for having so nice an animal as his little Pierrot ; and many were the caresses and endearing epithets I received from all the little villagers ; but

my young master always declared he would never part with me, and he kept his word most faithfully ; for though two English travellers, wishing to have me, offered him a large sum of money, (I believe a guinea) if he would sell me ; he resolutely refused, although the money would have been very acceptable, for he and his mother were both very poor. This scene, of which I was myself a witness, greatly increased my attachment to him, and I passed three of the happiest months of my life under this hospitable roof ; but, alas ! I was not allowed to go through life without misfortunes any more than my neighbours, for one evening, on little José's returning with me after having been absent all day, the old dame, to our great horror and dismay, said that her sister Marie had called to beg José would give his Marmotte to her little son Simon, who was very ill, and she thought it would amuse him.

My dear little friends, I cannot find words strong enough to express my wretchedness—my despair at this agonizing event. I jumped into the arms of my little Master on his turning a wistful look towards

me, and burying my face in his neck, I wept most bitterly, and, overcome by my feelings, (for though a Marmotte, I can assure you my feelings are quite as deep as your own) soon fell fast asleep on José's laying me on the ground in the chimney corner, saying, "Poor little thing! it looks as if it knew what we were saying." I was awoke early the next morning by the old dame, who, having placed me in a nice wicker basket, covered me over with a clean cloth, carried me away without my again seeing my little Master, who, I doubt not, had refused to part with me. I can assure you my thoughts on this short journey were far from enviable; to be thus carried away from my dear little José and given to a stranger, who knew nothing about me, and who might perhaps treat me very cruelly.

Simon Pacchard was a poor sickly boy, the youngest of a large family, his mother's pet, and consequently a spoiled child; he was delighted to have me, and almost smothered me with his caresses, but I was not at all reconciled to my change of master. The whole appearance of Marie Pacchard's cottage

was very different from that which I had just quitted; it wanted that air of neatness and cleanliness which is so charming in a cottage, as well as in a palace. Time did not at all reconcile me to it, and every day which I passed in my new habitation only served to render it more disagreeable: the children teased me, and often, after Simon had recovered sufficiently to accompany his mother when she went to work in the fields, I was left all day shut up in a dismally dark room, without any thing to eat.

My novelty no longer pleasing my master, he soon sought to amuse himself by tormenting me, and treating me very cruelly. I am sure if spoiled children knew how disagreeable they make themselves by behaving naughtily, and how it makes them disliked, they would never give way to their ill tempers, or peevish whims. Having one day found, by chance, his mother's scissors, he caught hold of me, before I was aware of his intention, and cut off all my bushy whiskers, at the very great risk of putting out my eyes; for not at all liking this treatment, I struggled most violently, and, enraged at his cruelty, I turned

suddenly round and bit his finger severely ; this putting him into a great passion, he kicked and beat me until I fell exhausted and half dead on the floor.

It was several days before I recovered the effects of this inhuman conduct, for I was very much bruised, and so stiff and sore, I could not move ; when, however, I was able to walk, I determined on quitting my miserable abode, and trying to find my way back to my dear José, who I was sure would be delighted to see me again. Accordingly, being an excellent climber, one morning when all the family had gone out, and left me as usual, shut up, I contrived to climb upon the window, which had been left open by chance : a very few moments sufficed me to descend the side of the wall, and when I once more found myself at liberty in the middle of the street, I recovered my spirits, and though it was very frightful to be all alone, I was still much happier than when in the power of wicked Simon.

I much wondered that my dear little friend José had never been to see me since we parted, but hoping for the best, I took the road I had so often before

traversed on his shoulder, and found myself, after numerous frights and escapes, at the door of my old home. Think how distressed I was, when on entering, I perceived my dear little friend seated by the fire side, looking very pale, and so changed since I had last seen him! Uttering a cry of agony, I jumped into his arms. He was greatly surprised, and exclaimed, while he tenderly caressed me with his emaciated hand, “My poor, poor Pierrot! you are as much changed as I am. What can have happened?” added he on observing my bruises which were not yet quite recovered, “The wicked little Simon! can he have done this? Mother, mother,” cried he, as the old dame entered the room, “look! here is poor Pierrot returned all beaten and bruised, I am sure he has been very ill treated”

I soon learned from the conversation of little José and his mother, that his present illness had been caused by a fall from a rock, while seeking for crystals; and that he had dislocated his ankle, which had caused him much pain. I was treated with the greatest kindness by my old friends, and the remedies

which the old dame applied to my aching sides, together with the abundant food which I now enjoyed, soon restored my good looks ; but alas ! I was destined to suffer new misfortunes ; for Simon, furious at my having escaped his power, and thinking I might have returned to my old master, came in search of me. Unluckily he arrived one morning when I was playing before the door in the sun. It was now winter ; the snow was thick upon the hills, and the ponds and rivers were covered with ice ; you will wonder that I should have been playing out of doors instead of sleeping as is usual with the Marmottes in winter ; but when well fed and kept warm, this sleepiness does not affect us. As I before said, I was outside the door, and a short distance from the cottage, when Simon arrived, and gently advancing towards me with a piece of cake in his hand, persuaded me foolishly to go quite close to him. Oh ! how silly I was to trust myself so near this wicked boy who had before treated me so ill ! but I never imagined he could intend to hurt me, till I discovered myself once more in his cruel hands ; I then began to tremble, but it was

too late, for I was in his power, and there was no way of escaping. I whistled as loud as I could, in the hope of attracting the attention of little José, but he was still so lame that I might have been killed before he could have arrived. Conceive then my horror on finding myself carried away towards a great pond at a short distance from the cottage. I gave myself up for lost, when I saw the malicious grin with which Simon looked at me; and my fears were but too truly verified, for on approaching the pond, he made a little hole in the ice, which was very thick, and notwithstanding all my efforts to the contrary, pushed me into it, and would, I doubt not, have kept me there till I should have died of cold and suffocation, had it not been for the lucky arrival of my friend José, who, attracted by my cries, had followed us as fast as his ankle would allow him, and came just in time to save me from instant death.

How is it possible that little boys and girls can reconcile themselves to the idea of willingly inflicting pain on poor unoffending animals committed to their care, and formed for their benefit; but alas! it is, I

fear, too often the case; children are sometimes so very naughty; but hoping my little readers possess kind dispositions and feeling hearts, which would shudder at the idea of giving pain to a poor dumb animal, I will leave this disagreeable subject, and continue my own melancholy story. On seeing José approach, Simon dragged me out of the water, and throwing me half dead on the ground, ran away as fast as possible, knowing, I suppose, that he had been very wicked, and no doubt fearing to be punished for it by my little protector, who was older and much stronger than him. I now lost all power of seeing or hearing, and laid for several days in a deep sleep. José feared very much I should die: he watched over me with the greatest anxiety and kindness, for he was really very fond of me; and when at length I recovered sufficiently to open my eyes, his joy knew no bounds; he sung, whistled, clapped his hands, and jumped and danced with delight. (for his ankle had quite recovered during my illness) He fetched me some bread and milk, which by his entreaties I was at length induced to eat; and it did me a great deal of good, for I was

soon able to move about; and being kept in the warm kitchen by the fire side, was quite recovered before spring arrived, with its delightful warm sun, which made me gayer and merrier than ever.

The cruel Simon was shunned by all the village; for no good little child would play with him after he had behaved so wickedly to a poor animal which could not defend itself.

One day, while at Aosta, a pretty town seated at the foot of the Alps, on the river Dora, capital of the valley of the same name, whither I had accompanied my Master on a visit to his friends, as I was sitting outside the window, waiting the return of José, who had gone on a message, my attention was attracted by an ugly sallow-looking boy, who spoke so strange a language, I could not at all understand him: induced by my curiosity, which is a most shocking propensity in little boys and girls, as well as in animals, I went close to him, hoping to discover what he was saying. He looked at me very earnestly, and I foolishly imagined he admired my beauty. I think I hear you say, "How could so ugly an animal as a

Marmotte, think itself handsome?" but my dear little friends you will, I fear, often meet with examples of this kind of folly.

Not in the least fearing his approach, I allowed him to stroke my head and smooth down my hair ; when, Oh ! dreadful misfortune ! he seized me in his great hands, and, before I well knew what had happened, I found myself in a large bag, hanging from his back.

The unfeeling monster, regardless of my cries and efforts to escape, whistled a gay tune, and continued his road down one street and up another, till I was quite tired ; at length we stopped at a house ; (so at least I supposed, for I could not see any thing out of the bag in which I was inclosed,) but instead of going up stairs, we descended flight after flight, until we arrived in a dark damp-looking room, which I afterwards discovered to be a cellar. I was released from my prison and placed on the floor, which was covered with hare and rabbit skins, bird cages, boxes, and rubbish of every description. Oh ! how bitterly did I now regret that idle curiosity which had led me to

approach this stranger, who had perhaps separated me for ever from my dear little José.

I felt sure I should die if left long in this horrible place, where the cold and disagreeable smell of the hare and rabbit skins made me feel quite ill : I crept into the corner the farthest from them, but here again a new and still more dangerous object presented itself in the form of a large dog lying fast asleep.

We Marmottes have as great an antipathy to dogs as cats have ; judge then of my horror on seeing this one, which I doubted not would attack me as soon as I should be perceived. I gave myself up for lost, for it was so much larger and stronger than I was, that I should have had no chance had we come to blows ; therefore, curling myself up into a ball, I took refuge behind a great barrel, and now anxiously desired the presence of the ugly sallow-faced boy, whose departure had given me so much pleasure a few minutes before ; but it was a long long time before he returned : however the great dog did not awake, and I was delighted when the boy took me in his arms

and carried me out of this horrible dungeon, which I hoped most earnestly never again to enter.

What pleasure did I feel in again enjoying the bright light of the sun, hoping, if once able to effect my liberty, to discover José, who I had not for an instant ceased to think of; but I forgot the streets at Aosta were more numerous, and not so well known to me, as those of Courmayeur: however I had no opportunity of trying my sagacity, for on being taken up into the kitchen, I was given to a little boy who was going to Paris to seek his fortune, as many little boys from this country do.

My present owner told him to take me and sell me for the highest price he could get. Though delighted to escape from the miserable cellar where I had been confined, still I could not endure the idea of quitting my own country, and perhaps never again seeing dear José; I wept, screamed, whistled, and bit, but all to no purpose. The journey to Paris was very long and uninteresting, to me at least, who could see nothing, travelling in a covered basket;

and as I am sure my little readers are impatient to arrive at a large town, I will take them immediately to Paris ; that great and wonderful city, where there are always so many amusing things to be seen.

I had every opportunity of enjoying all the novelties and curiosities which the Champs Elysées, the Boulevards, and the streets present to a stranger ; for the little Swiss, who had brought me over, treated me very kindly, and used to lead me all about with a little red collar round my neck, from which was suspended a long chain that fastened round his arm.

What amused me most of all the wonderful things which I saw, was an exhibition called *Punch*. Those of my little friends who have never seen it, will, I am sure, be highly delighted when they have the good fortune to make the acquaintance of this amiable gentleman, who gives his life and adventures in a most spirited manner, under the form of a delightful little moveable theatre, of which he is the principal actor.

We arrived just in time to see the *carnival* ; a *fête* at which people of all ages amuse themselves by

dressing in different ridiculous costumes, as my little friends I dare say often do, and parading the streets and public walks, some in carriages, some on horse-back, and some on foot.

While accompanying my Master to the Boulevards, where the best masks (for so they call these ridiculous figures) are to be seen, I was—must I own it, naughty enough to be highly amused by a misfortune which happened to a poor little girl while crossing one of the gutters which run through the middle of the streets in Paris ; she was very smartly dressed, in a pink muslin frock, yellow handkerchief, blue bonnet, and bright scarlet shoes, which were so tight for her, she could hardly walk, but went rolling from one side to another. When she arrived at the gutter, unable to jump across from the pain which these tight shoes made her suffer, her foot slipped, and she tumbled in. Poor little girl ; though I could not help laughing at this misfortune, still I pitied her ; for perhaps, after all, it was not her fault that she wore such tight shoes and was so oddly dressed.

On the Boulevards we saw a number of very

curious figures, some dressed as harlequins, and others as columbines, &c. &c. But there was one which greatly astonished and amused me ; it was a beautiful monkey, much larger than any I had ever before seen, mounted on a little pony which it trotted up and down, looking as it passed into all the carriages, through a large spy glass, at the same time making the most hideous grimaces, and using its tail instead of a whip to hurry its pony on. Judge of my surprise, when I heard an old woman near me explaining to a little girl, who was rather alarmed by the near approach of this animal, that it was not really a monkey, but a man dressed up as one ! I could hardly believe her, but I suppose it was true.

My attention was soon attracted by a pretty looking girl, riding, not as I had always seen people ride, but with her face towards the horse's tail. I was very much shocked, for I fancied it must be some naughty child, placed there as a punishment ; and soon after meeting two or three more riding in the same manner, I thought they must be school girls, who, having all committed the same offence, had therefore received

the same punishment ; but I afterwards discovered they were not girls, but a set of little boys dressed up in girls' clothes, and that they rode so for their own amusement.

I was very fond of walking up and down the Champs Elysées in an evening, when it was crowded with gay company, there were always so many things to see ; and I was so delighted with the attentions paid me by the dear children who used to be running about, with cheerful happy faces and merry laughter.

We one day took a ride in a ship,—“A ride !” I think I hear you say, “ how could that be ? ” but such was the case, for we had neither sails nor water to sail upon, but were in a kind of seat called, from its shape, a vessel, which went round and round so fast that I became quite giddy. As I was exhibiting my tricks to three or four smiling children, an old English lord, attracted by my cleverness, asked the little boy if he would sell me ; and I was much distressed to hear him answer that he would willingly, if he could get enough for me. “ And what do you call enough ? ” said the Englishman, “ if I were to

give you a napoleon, (a piece of French money, which is not worth quite seventeen shillings) would you be satisfied?" "Oh dear yes, and it is much more than I ever expected to get for this poor little animal," presenting me to the old Lord, who told the boy to take me to number — Rue St. Honore. He accordingly carried me there in great glee, but was, I think, like myself, rather sorry when he wished me good bye. I was very much astonished at the magnificence of the house where I now was; but what surprised me most was, on entering the drawing-room after the old gentleman's return, to see what I supposed to be three or four other Marmottes; when *I* moved they moved, when *I* stood still they did so also: delighted to find some animals like myself, I ran scampering up to one of them, when, instead of finding a little Marmotte, I hit my head against something very hard, reeled, and fell back: on getting up, however, I still saw the same objects, and was again advancing towards one of them, when the old Lord taking me in his arms, carried me to what I have since discovered to be a large mirror, when I perceived, that what I

had taken for another Marmotte, was only the reflection of myself. But I had no time to think how very odd this was, (though I wished very much to have sent a looking-glass to my father and mother, as I am quite sure they never saw one) for the old gentleman's little grandson came running in, and seizing me in his arms, scampered away to shew me to his sister ; and I really thought they would have pulled me in pieces, for both insisted upon having me to play with : however this sport was put an end to by the arrival of a funny-looking old gentleman, with a white head, who I soon found was a dancing-master ; and my little readers cannot think how delighted I was when these young people began to dance, to the sound of a beautiful instrument called a kit, (not a kitten) which made the most charming noise I ever heard. The little girl began by making a low courtesy, and the little boy a bow ; then off they set, and seemed to me to be trying which could jump highest. I forgot my miseries ; and José having taught me to jump also, I ran into the middle of the room and capered and frisked about in the highest glee ;

the children clapping their hands and screaming with delight, whilst the old gentleman could hardly go on with the tune for laughing; till at last he could resist it no longer, and began to jump as high as any of us. We were all frisking about when the door opened, and the old Lord entered: he laughed heartily at the fun, and at last consented to be of the party, to please his darling grandchildren. At first he was, I confess, rather stiff; but this soon wore off, and he capered better than any of us, making a charming noise with his fingers; but at last when he was taking an immense jump into the air, his large wig fell off, and I being just where it came, received it on my back! I really thought the little party would have died with laughing at seeing me scampering round the room with this large white wig on, like a cloak, shaking a cloud of dust from it (called powder) at every jump I took: though I was nearly blinded by it, and I confess terribly frightened at first, yet when I found it would not hurt me, I did not so much mind. However standing still at last, the children took me up in their arms, saying I was the most delightful

animal they had ever seen ; far more amusing than Jacko, the monkey. Their grandpapa procured another wig, and then they all went to dinner, when I was greatly charmed at the beautiful dress of the two servants, who had on coats of red cloth, with a great quantity of gold lace upon them. I thought this Lord must be a very rich man to put his gold upon his servants' coats, instead of putting it into his pocket ; and if I could have spoken, I should have asked him to give me a little to send to José and his mother. As a reward for my dancing, the children said I should have a large apple all to myself ; and you cannot think my dear little friends how I liked it,—but, Oh ! I thought I should have died with fright when the door opened and in came a large dog with Jacko, the monkey, riding on his back. The moment he saw me he jumped on the ground, chattering in the most frightful manner, and grinning so as to shew all his teeth. He came fiercely up to where I was eating my apple, and before I knew what he was going to do, snatched it from me : the footman seeing this, came to take it away, but Mr. Jacko, knowing he

had done wrong, was too clever for him, and throwing the apple at the man's head, hopped upon the table, and in a violent rage (seeing the grandpapa going to take hold of him) took up an orange in each paw, and threw them at the old gentleman. A violent uproar ensued, every body trying to catch the enraged monkey, who screamed and chattered in the most violent manner : cakes, oranges, apples, raisins, plums, figs, in short every fruit upon the table, was flying in the air, as the mischievous animal seized them in his paws, and threw them about in all directions. He had just got a plate in one paw, and a bottle of wine in the other, which he intended to send at the head of the old Lord, when fortunately one of the footmen, seeing the case was desperate, took a cushion from the sofa, with which he succeeded in knocking Mr. Jacko down. The man was desired to take him away and give him a good whipping, but it did him no good ; for a day or two afterwards we were left in the drawing-room alone, and Mr. Jacko no sooner heard the door shut than he jumped up from his basket, where it was supposed he was fast asleep,

and looked round the room to see what mischief he could be at. He first leaped upon a table where there were some beautiful prints, and unfortunately there was also an inkstand: well, Jacko peeped into this, and thinking, I suppose, what it contained would be good to drink, took hold of it in his paw and put it to his mouth, but spit it all out again a great deal faster than he had swallowed it. In a violet passion he threw the inkstand down upon the table, and the ink poured all over the beautiful prints. He then saw a large china vase full of lovely flowers, and instantly went to take one out, to smell I suppose, but it not coming as easily as he wished, he gave a violent pull, and down went the beautiful vase, which was broke in a thousand pieces. Seeing all this mischief, I thought I would try and make somebody hear, so I whistled as loud as I could, for which I was rewarded by his throwing a book at me with such force that it knocked me down; after this, the ticking of a clock caught his attention, and hopping on to the table where it stood, he tapped at the glass which covered it, very gently at first, but at last in such

a rage that it broke ! But this time he was punished, for the broken glass cut his foot, and, screaming with pain, he ran about the room spoiling every thing he touched with his bleeding paw : at last he saw the little girl's basket lying on a chair, and going up to it, thinking I suppose there was something inside which he wished to eat, gently put his paw in : at first he did not venture to poke it low enough to get whatever it was that he wanted, but being too impatient to give up the attempt, he stuffed his head in so fast, that he remained with the basket sticking on it like a hat, so far over his eyes that he could not see. I never saw such a rage as he was in ; he ran about the room thumping against all the chairs and tables, and must have hurt himself very much : however a servant coming in caught hold of Mr. Jacko, and carried him away to chain him up. The old Lord was so angry when he saw the mischief he had done, that he gave him away directly. I liked my little Masters exceedingly ; for though they did pull me about, yet they never hurt me.

Soon after these events we all left Paris for England;

in a great machine on four wheels, called “The Family Coach.” I travelled inside on little Lucy’s knee, and slept nearly all the way. How astonished I was on opening my eyes, after a long nap, to see at Boulogne an enormous quantity of water all collected together, so much, that I could not perceive any land, but beautiful blue waves for miles and miles. Whilst changing horses, we walked down to the sands, and saw some little boats come in, full of different sorts of fish, which their owners had caught in the sea, for that is what they call the great body of water which so much astonished me. I thought it very cruel to kill all those pretty fish, which must have feelings like myself; but they told me that almost all the poor people there lived upon them.

We arrived at Calais late in the evening, and set off next morning by break of day in a large vessel called a “Steam Boat:” not feeling any ill effects from its motion, I was greatly amused by watching all the strange people on board. There was one, a Miss Wilnemina Pugabunder, who seemed to cause infinite entertainment to all the passengers, by the

ridiculous affection she shewed for her numerous pets. A little French Poodle, with a silver collar, ornamented with small bells, and a long blue riband ; a large Angola Cat, with a gilt collar, on which were engraved its own name of "Silver Tabby," and that of its mistress ; a large Macaw, two or three guinea-pigs, shut up in a basket, and a quantity of gold and silver fish, in a large tub of fresh water. Though so ill that she was almost unable to stand, still she would not leave her favourites, but staid coaxing first one and then the other, and doing her best to keep peace between them ; for the dog did not like the parrot, and the cat seemed to have rather too great an affection for the fish ; and when they unluckily came in contact with each other, there was such a screaming from the animals themselves, as well as their mistress, that you would have thought there was a whole menagerie on board. Another of the passengers, an old lady, was so fat, and such an enormous size, that it seemed quite a trouble to her to move about ; but her husband was quite the contrary, which rendered her the more remarkable. I at first took him for

her son, and it was not till I heard her call him husband, that I could believe it, for he was not, I am sure, so tall as my little Master, Cæsar. I afterwards learned they called him a dwarf, and that he was going to England to show himself as a curiosity, as well as his wife, whose extraordinary rotundity rendered her a still greater object of astonishment.

We did not go to London on our road to Cherry Tree Park, the seat of the Old Lord ; at which I was very sorry, but comforted myself with the hope of visiting it at some future time. All I saw in this new country surprised me greatly ; every thing was so different from what I had before seen. I longed for poor José to share in the kindness and attentions I received from this good family. The Young Lord (as my little Master Cæsar was called, to distinguish him from his grandfather) was a good tempered, high spirited lad, and though he did sometimes tease me by making me run more than I liked, still I was very fond of him, for I knew he did not do it with a wish to torment me. His little sister Lucy was very amiable ; all the poor about her Grandfather's estate

seemed quite to adore her, she was so good to them, and spent all her money in buying them clothes, which she made herself. I advise all my little friends who have it in their power, to be charitable ; for, from the pleasure this little girl seemed to enjoy when making others happy, it must be a very delightful thing.

Never having lived a country life, except in my native village, I was greatly surprised at all the wonderful things I saw at the farm : the nice clean kitchen, with its sanded floor, bright oven, great arm chair, and large wooden clock, delighted me excessively ; but I was still more pleased when I saw how kind and attentive they are to animals in England : the fold, with its fat beasts ; the piggery, with its great engine, to dress the dinners of its sleepy inhabitants ; the hen houses, with their flews, to keep them warm in winter ; the cow-house, so clean and neat, were all new to me : but I must not omit the dairy, where I was a constant visiter when I could escape unobserved, and steal from its bright earthen vases the good new milk, or fine rich cream. When, however

I was discovered to have committed this offence, I was always severely punished, and told it was very wicked to steal, even a thing of hardly any value; for if you can see no harm in taking a cake or a bit of sugar which does not belong to you, you will soon think there can be no harm in taking a sixpence or shilling from Papa or Mamma, if you want it.

I here saw what I had been before told of,—shearing sheep. Little Cæsar took me down with him one morning to the small stream which runs close to the farm, where they were washing the whole flock, previous to depriving them of their nice wool. I was almost stunned with the noise of the men and boys, the barking of the dogs, and the bleating of the poor animals themselves, who did not seem at all to like this cold bath, and gained the opposite bank as fast as possible. A few days after, while their wool was yet of a snowy white, the shepherd drove them from the nice green hill where they were feeding to the farm, where, fastened in the sheep pen, each waited its turn to be committed to the hands of the shearer.

Little Lucy and her brother were very fond of

riding : they had two beautiful ponies which their Grandpapa had given them. Cæsar's was a very great favourite ; it was so small, that one day having gone out to meet the hounds, which were running in the fields near the house, its long bushy tail, which nearly touched the ground, was by them taken for the fox's brush, and they all ran after him for some distance. Cæsar was greatly amused at this little adventure, and came home in high glee to relate to his sister the ludicrous mistake of the hounds in taking poor Taffey for a fox. This pony was very fond of apples, and when his little master did not take him one, would snuff about and put his nose into his pocket, to see if he had forgot to bring him one, or was only withholding it for his own amusement. When Taffey was turned out in an evening, the children used to go and play with him in the field ; he knew their voices so well that he came trotting up as soon as ever they called him ; sometimes they gave him a pocket handkerchief, which he would take in his mouth, gallop all round the field with, and bring back, without having in the least injured it.

The harvest-home was a scene of great mirth and gaiety: my little friends were permitted to join the merry group, who, after the happy termination of their labours, had a feast and dance in the verdant meadow their hands had helped to mow. The Old Lord seemed greatly pleased with the amusement of his labourers and workmen.

On Little Cæsar's birthday, which was the 17th of June, he was allowed to invite a large party of his young friends to come and spend the day with him and his sister. They had a great deal of fun; donkey races for little books and toys, foot races, and games of every sort, from puss in the corner to hunt the slipper: the evening ended with a sillabub under a spreading beech tree; and great was the anxiety to find to whose share the ring and sixpence would fall. Little Lucy drew the ring, and Alfred Talbot, a friend of Cæsar, got the sixpence, upon which there was a great noise, and all the children laughed excessively at the little boy; why, I could not imagine.

I was very unhappy to hear the Old Lord say, one day to his grandchildren, " My dears you are now old

enough for me to think of sending you to school. Your poor father had such an affection for public education, that I agreed to his dying request of your receiving one, when of proper age." The little children both looked very grave at this address, and the tears starting into poor Lucy's eyes, she had some trouble to hide her grief from her affectionate protector, who could never bear to see her afflicted.

But I am sure she could not have been more grieved than I was; the idea that I should probably be separated from my dear little friends, and perhaps fall into the hands of some wicked boy, careless little girl, or cross old gentleman, who, if I only discovered he wore a wig, would, unlike my good Old Lord, be furious instead of amused; or some old grumpy woman, who would prefer her tabbies, her minettes, her pugs and her poodles to me, and would scold me most severely for every slight misdemeanour. This idea made me very melancholy; and the evening after I had heard this distressing intelligence I could eat no supper, and retired for the night with a wretched head-ache, feeling very ill. I was awoke next morning by

Cæsar and Lucy who were talking very earnestly. “But,” said the little boy, “I do not see why I should be so sorry to go to school: it must be very nice to have so many companions of my own age.” “Yes,” replied his sister, “but you will be so far from home! so far from dear Grandpapa!”—“But I shall always come home for the holidays, and I shall have such long accounts to give you, dear Lucy, of all I have seen and heard—Oh! it will be very nice! and our holiday will, I hope, be at the same time.” “How can you think you will like going to school,” asked Lucy, “where you will have to get up so early, to work so hard, and to eat a great piece of thick batter pudding before you begin your dinner, that you may not devour too much meat?” “That is the account Willy Dawson gives of his school,” replied Cæsar; “but if you ask Tommy Longshanks, he is always sorry when it is holiday time; for at Mr. Thumpem’s they are so happy and merry, playing at cricket, football, leap frog, battledoor and shuttlecock, fishing, and shooting with a bow and arrow, as soon as lessons are over,—Oh! I think it will be quite delightful!” “I

wish I could expect as much amusement at the school I am going to," observed Lucy ; but I fear the girls, like those at Mrs. Adagio's, will be very sentimental, and pass their time on a verdant lawn, at the edge of a running brook, or under the branches of a weeping willow, scribbling poetry, or at least attempting to do so." " Well we shall see," said Cæsar ; " but come to Mrs. Marmalade's, she promised to make each of us a large plum cake whenever we went to school, so we must remind her of it." So saying they left the room, and I saw no more of them until breakfast time, when Little Lucy, bringing me some bread and milk, said very sorrowfully, " My poor dear Little Marmotte, what will become of you when we are gone." Oh ! how I longed to speak her language, to have asked her more about her departure ! In the middle of the day, while I was sitting in the drawing-room with the Old Lord, who on account of the heat had taken off his wig and thrown it down, the entrance bell rung, and, in a minute, before he could find his wig or make his escape from the room, a servant announced Mrs. Eliza Grey.

"My dear Mrs. Grey, I am greatly shocked that I have lost my wig!" exclaimed the old gentleman, as he advanced towards his visiter.

"Lost it! Has my naughty Little Lucy been playing you some new trick,—teasing Grandpapa as usual?" "No, indeed I have not," said my young mistress, who had overheard these words as she tripped gaily into the room, "but dear grannie! how very funny you look with your bald head!"

"I think your naughty little pet must have stolen my periwig, as you always call it, for I can find it nowhere." "What is this new pet of yours, my dear Lucy?" inquired Mrs. Grey, "I think I have never seen it."

"Not seen my Marmotte!" exclaimed she, running across the room to the corner, where, reclining on the very wig in question, I was enjoying the ludicrous appearance of my old friend.

"Oh! you abominable little thief!" cried Lucy, as soon as she perceived me. "What have you done? I pity you the scolding you will get," added she, laughingly restoring the wig to her Grandfather, and

placing me on Mrs. Grey's knee. "And what are you going to do with this poor little animal, when you go to school?" said this good old Lady.

"I do not know, and I am very unhappy about it; but come Marmi, show some of your tricks to this good Lady." Upon which, I jumped down, and began to dance and caper about to her great amusement; she seemed highly delighted to see me eat like a squirrel—sitting on my hind feet and feeding myself with my front paws.

To Lucy's infinite delight, and my no small pleasure, Mrs. Grey proposed taking me home with her; she had such a kind benevolent countenance, and such good natured affectionate manners, that I was sure she must be very amiable, and therefore liked the idea of living with her, better than the chance of falling into the hands of some one who might not treat me so well. It was not, however, without a deep feeling of regret, that I took leave of the Old Lord and his charming grandchildren, and quitted Cherry Tree Park; for though I was sure Mrs. Grey would treat me very kindly, yet not being acquainted with her

household, I feared there might be people under her hospitable roof, who might not treat me so well ; and so it proved, for Miss Stitcher, the lady's maid, looked at me as an intruder, and was very cross from the first day of my arrival ; and the dreadful quarrels there sometimes were between her favourite lapdog and myself, only served to increase her ill will towards me ; but Mrs. Grey continued very kind, and I heard her one day saying, “ It is very wrong of you, Martha, to treat that poor little animal so ill ; I always see you pinching and kicking it, whenever it comes near you.” Miss Stitcher did not answer, but turned away looking very ill natured.

A short time after this, we went to London to pass a few days. I expected great amusement from all the pretty things there, and hoped perhaps to see my dear little Lucy, whose school was in that vast city. But, as it happened, I was never more to see her ; for the morning after our arrival, I was sitting at the open window of the first floor apartment, when a boy with a barrel organ stopped before the house where we were, and played the national air of my

country, which poor José used so often to whistle : I listened, I gazed at the boy, I listened again, and then having assured myself, by a long and ardent look, of the identity of this little musician, with my oldest and best friend José, I sprang from the window and leaped into his arms. He had also, I think, recognized me ; for I had a white mark under my chin, which is not usual in animals of my species. He caressed me, and called me his dear Pierrot ; and seeing I answered to this name, he was confident I was his own little Marmotte ; and on Mrs. Grey's coming to the window to see what had become of me, he related to her my former history, and the manner in which he had lost me.

This good old lady, touched by the affection which he shewed for me, and which I seemed to return with such pleasure and gratitude, consented to give me up to my former possessor ; and the guinea which she kindly added to the little sum he had collected during his absence from his native country, enabled him to return to his own village, and poor old mother, accompanied by me, whose joy at once more visiting

the rugged Alps and fertile valley d'Aosta, in company with my dear José, knew no bounds ; but I was very sorry on arriving at his cottage to perceive how much his mother was changed during my absence. Poor old woman ; she now hobbles about with a great stick to support her tottering steps, and age will, I fear, soon deprive her of her sight, which is already become very dim.

The meeting between the mother and son was quite affecting. José was now looked upon as the village oracle, having seen so much more of the world than even its oldest inhabitants. His opinion was consulted, and his advice was taken upon every occasion. I was also treated with greater respect for being a traveller ; and I can assure you I did look very grave and learned, when seated on the bench by the side of José : I listened to the long accounts he gave of all he had seen and heard ; and it was the amusement which these relations seemed to give his companions that first gave me the idea of placing my adventures on paper for the amusement of my young friends, the Young Lord and his sister Lucy.

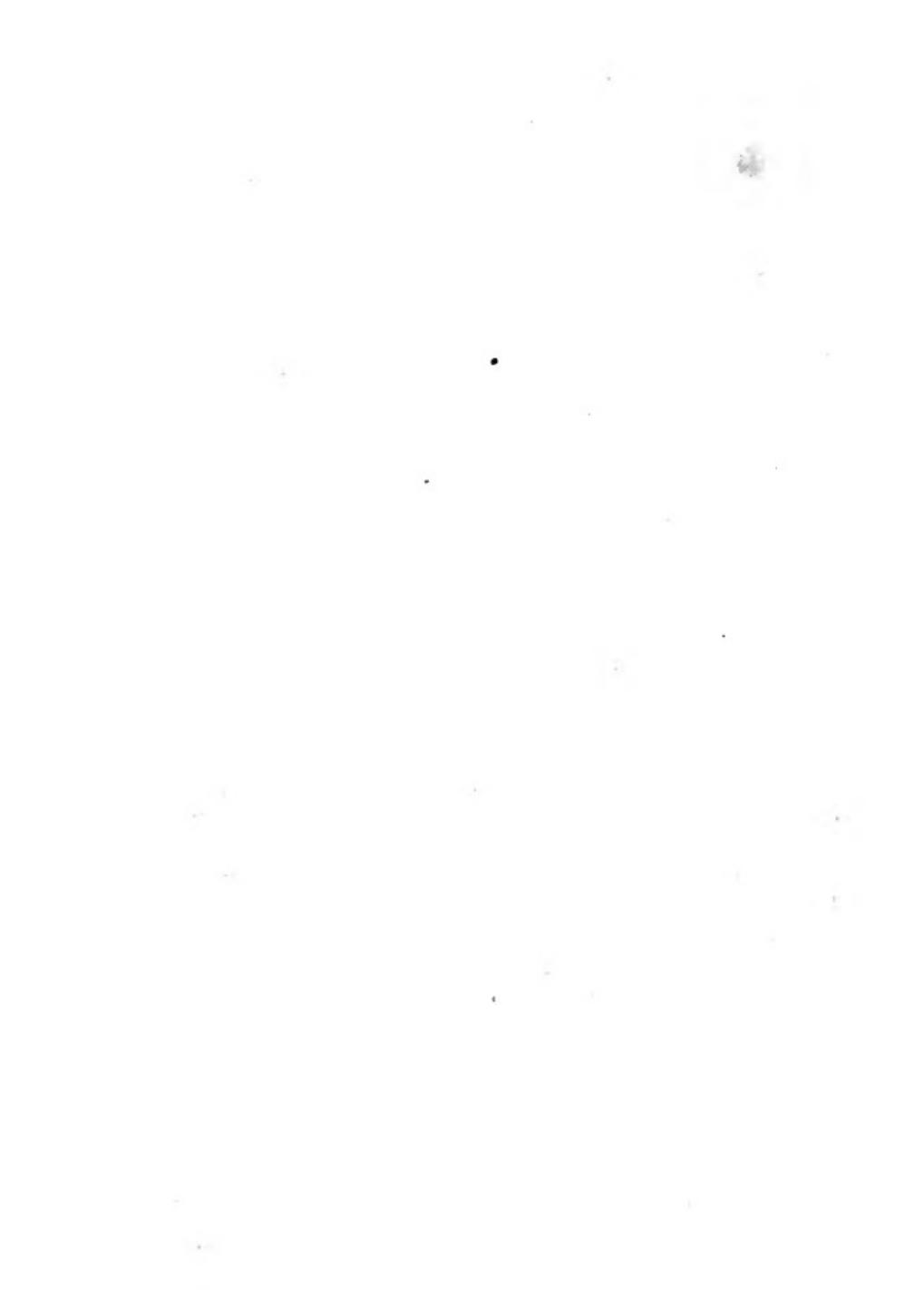
If any of my little readers desire to know the fate of the wicked Simon, who bore so conspicuous a part in the commencement of this story, I will inform them, that notwithstanding the beatings and lectures he received from his father, as well as the fear and dislike shewed him by all the villagers, he continued his inhuman conduct, and at last fell a victim to it. May his fate prove a warning to all those who are disposed to behave cruelly and wickedly towards poor feeble animals, who have not force or strength to defend themselves. Let them remember that holy precept "do unto others as thou wouldest that they should do unto thee;" and ask themselves whether they would like to be as ill used as the miserable victims of their power.

One day, a few months after I had quitted the valley, Simon went out accompanied by two large dogs, to amuse himself with chasing some cattle which were grazing in the valley. These animals, rendered furious by this violent exercise, and the wounds inflicted by the teeth of the dogs which Simon barbarously urged on to attack them, turned

fiercely upon their savage enemy, and knocking him down, soon left him a bloody and mangled corpse ; a frightful example of what the free indulgence of the passions generally leads to.

I am writing in the chimney corner of José's kitchen, which I hope never again to quit for any length of time. I am as happy here as I can be : my only complaint is that the day is never half long enough ; and I do not think I should ever have found time to write this little book, had I not heard of the dreadful misery existing in Ireland, and determined, if possible, to add my mite to the generous contributions of the benevolent. My success now remains with you, my dear friends ; and pray remember, while you read these few pages, that it is a Marmotte who writes, in the hope of providing a morsel of food for your poor starving fellow-creatures.

I must now forward this little work to Mrs. Eliza Grey, who has kindly offered to translate it ; and only hope it may not arrive too late to aid in buying some potatoes.



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